

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVI., No. 23

MONTREAL, JUNE 7, 1901.

30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.



LEPER BIBLE WOMAN AND HER CLASS.

Rhaibai, the Devoted Bible-Woman, who Became a Leper.

(‘Faithful Witness.’)

Rhaibai was for many years employed under Mrs. Bissell, of the American Marathi Mission, at Ahmednagar, and did good and faithful work, being greatly used of God in blessing those to whom she read. Quite recently, however, the disease of leprosy showed itself in her, and she was obliged in consequence to relinquish her ordinary task. She was sent to the Leper Asylum at Nasik, newly opened by Miss R. Harvey, of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission. Although unable to mix with the outside world, she could not remain idle, and the desire of her heart was to continue her work as Biblewoman to the poor leper women among whom she had come to live. At present the disease has not made much progress with her, only affecting the extremities of her fingers, so that she is quite able to carry on her mission. Miss Harvey, who superintends her work, writes:—‘Her knowledge of Scripture is exceptionally good. Leprosy has appeared in her fingers. This prevents her from writing or keeping a report. Her work is confined to the Leper Asylum, and so she teaches the same number of people every day. In one fortnight she taught eight of the lepers more Scripture than our school children, though taught regularly, take in the three months. Besides teaching the lepers she is

a mother to them. She has a little house to herself, and is in authority over them. The lepers are very bigoted, like all the Nasik people, and besides observing caste, as far as possible, are fearful of any attempt to make them change their religion. In spite of this they all gather round Rhaibai to listen to her teaching, and to sing the hymns she has taught them. In the cool of the afternoon it is very pleasing to find them all gathered together singing one hymn after another. One woman said, ‘I can’t tell you what these hymns are to us.’

In the accompanying picture Rhaibai will be seen seated in the midst of her class of leper women, with an open Bible on her lap. Pray that ere she is called ‘Home’ to her rest she may be the means of winning many of these women for Christ.

Divine Leading in Dreams

(By the Rev. James M. Gray, D.D., in the ‘Episcopal Recorder.’)

The author of ‘Madagascar of To-day,’ tells us that the first volunteers for mission work in that island were led to offer themselves by means of a dream. They were Welshmen, David Jones and Thomas Bevan. Their theological tutor, Dr. Phillips, had been reading about the country, and was so deeply stirred in mind one night that he could not sleep. The next morning he related a dream on the subject which had come to him to his students, closing with the exclamation, ‘Now, who among you will go as a missionary to Madagas-

car?’ From the far end of the school room, without a moment’s hesitation, Jones replied, ‘I will,’ and was immediately followed by his fellow-student, Bevan, in the same words.

One is rather shy about saying much in regard to ‘Divine leading in dreams,’ since it is likely to be misunderstood and misapplied. Jehovah warns Judah against prophets and dreamers of dreams, that cause her to forget his name, Jeremiah xxiii., 27, and declares that such should be put to death, Deuteronomy xiii., 5. And yet in both dispensations he himself frequently employs this method not only to instruct his own people, but to rebuke and restrain his enemies. Abimelech, Laban, Pharaoh, Nebuchadnezzar, Ahasuerus and Pilate’s wife are instances in point in the last case. What unspeakable consequences hung on the Divine leading in dreams in the histories of Joseph, Solomon and David? We cannot forget that the husband of Mary was warned in a dream to ‘take the young Child and his mother and go into Egypt,’ and it is instanced as one of the signs of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the latter days that ‘your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.’

Newman Hall relates that he was out walking one day, when a gentleman accosted him, and said he had once dreamed of being inside an unknown church, and hearing an unknown preacher, and being deeply impressed. Afterwards he was taken to Surrey Chapel (of which Dr. Hall was then

pastor), and exclaimed, 'Why, this is the place I saw, and that is the preacher I heard!' The circumstances led to his conversion, and at the time he related it to Dr. Hall he was a minister of the Gospel.

An incident not very unlike the above occurred in the writer's ministry. There was a certain lady who attended the church of which I was the pastor, on whom I called one day for the express purpose of conversing on the subject of her personal salvation and confessing Christ. I had been advised against doing so on the ground that it would drive her from the services altogether, as it had in two other instances. But most pastors would regard this as a reason why they should press the matter rather than an argument against it. Accordingly, the visit was made, and the caller, especially after his business was known, received with considerable coolness. The lady did not believe as he did, had her own conceptions of duty about such things, and evidently resented the intrusion. I remember kneeling in prayer, while she sat upright in her chair, hands folded, and fire proceeding from her eyes. The occasion was brought to an end with the feeling that I had lost an attendant on my ministry and failed to win a soul. This was on a Saturday. On the following Monday she was at my house before breakfast, to say that she could hold out no longer and desired to accept and publicly confess Christ. Her story was as follows: On Saturday night she had had a dream, in which she was seated in the church and I was preaching from the words of Joshua, 'Choose you this day whom ye shall serve.' To her surprise, and even amazement, that was the very text from which she heard me preach the next day! It was enough. It would have been for almost anybody. That dream was the voice of God to her, which was immediately obeyed. It had more effect than all the preaching and exhortation to which she had listened for a quarter of a century. It affords pleasure to add that her conversion was a very deep and thorough experience, and that she was one of the best church members any pastor ever had.

There is nothing inconceivable, much less iniquitous, in the thought that God should lead his people by dreams when it pleases him to do so, in this as well as in any other period of time. It is somewhat as in the case of miracles. There was a time when these may be said to have been more necessary than now, but is that to say that God is no longer thus to work supernaturally, and that we are to refuse to hearken to him when he does so? Dreams are not miracles, but there was a time when God employed them very generally to lead his people in the doing of his will. Has he forever ceased to do so, and shall we decline to be influenced by them as though such were indeed the case?

This whole subject falls under the head of special providences, so-called. These are not intended to supersede, much less contradict the revealed Word, but to work in harmony with it; to illuminate it; to stimulate to its investigation; to move its obedience; to substantiate and glorify it. And this, indeed, is the controlling test in the whole matter. Do our dreams coincide with the Holy Scriptures? Do they, in their suggestions, lie in the orbit of the Divine will? Do they move us to serve God, to confess Jesus Christ, to give up sin, to do good, to increase holiness? They have not led us astray, if so. The only certain criterion is that of the inspired prophet: 'To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them.'



IN THE DESERT--THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Hannington's Saints.

STORY OF A MISSIONARY BISHOP.

'Sir, if you don't mind we shall die of dignity!' said Dr. Chalmers to one who was maintaining that clergymen should 'stand upon their dignity.'

When James Hannington became the clergyman of Hurstpierpoint, he determined to win the men, women, and children of the village to a Christian life. If he could do it, and 'stand upon his dignity,' very well; if not, he would appear as undignified as the occasion demanded.

One day he was walking along in the village street with a very dignified ecclesiastic, who was attired in a clerical dress, which Mr. Hannington seldom wore. Suddenly he felt a tug at the skirt of his coat. He stopped and looked around, and saw a blushing little girl.

'Please, sir,' she said timidly, for she was afraid of the dignitary, 'haven't you got a bull's-eye for me?'

It was his habit to walk the streets in an old, faded boating-coat, the pockets of which were filled with goodies for the children he might meet. He would stop a child, give to the little one a brief lesson on 'sneaking,' telling lies, and using bad language, and then dismiss the child with a cake or a bull's-eye.

The next time the minister and the child met, Hannington would ask: 'Now, then, what were the three things you were not to do, eh?'

If the answers were correct, the rewarding candy was never wanting.

The wild boys were hunted for and caught. The faithful minister would find out what interested a bad boy, and then show himself to the boy as interested in that pursuit. If the boy had a liking for curiosities or natural history, he was invited to the rectory and allowed to examine the minister's cabinets.

One boy fancied himself a young Mozart. Hannington offered him the use of his own harmonium.

'But when shall I begin, sir?' asked the boy.

'Oh, well,' answered Hannington, looking at him with a quizzical smile, 'I shall be out on Tuesday.'

The lads loved him; the workmen called

him among themselves 'Jemmy.' But to no one in the county did they raise their caps more respectfully than to their 'own Jemmy.'

He gathered lads and young men together into a Bible class and Temperance Association. The members were nicknamed 'Hannington's Saints'; but they greeted the scoff as a compliment.

He was fond of riding, and would gallop for miles over the downs, or ride straight across the country, clearing everything in his way. But one day, needing money for some benevolent purpose, he sold his horse, knocked the stable and coachhouse into one, papered, carpeted, and hung lamps in the large room, and turned it into a mission hall.

A boy was seized by the smallpox. His people were forsaken by their neighbors. The parson visited the cottage, supplied the inmates with the necessaries of life, and prayed with the boy. The people of the village were excited.

An officer called to warn the pastor not to go near the place. As the man went out of one door the parson went out of the other, and called at the infected house.

He would take a lad for his servant, transform him by his own example and instruction, and then pass him on to something better. He had in this way a good many servants, all of whom turned out well.

It was the possession of these sterling qualities that fitted him to be the missionary bishop to Central Africa, to which continent he carried the same zeal he had shown as a young rector; and his body now fills a martyr's grave.—'Sunday Companion.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE SECOND EPISTLE TO TIMOTHY.

June 9, Sun.—God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love, and of a sound mind.

June 10, Mon.—For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

June 11, Tues.—Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

June 12, Wed.—Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

June 13, Thur.—If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.

June 14, Fri.—If we deny him, he also will deny us.

June 15, Sat.—If we believe not, yet he abideth faithful: he cannot deny himself.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Left Behind in the Mountains

(By Henry Elliot Thibadeau, in 'The Youth's Companion.' In Three Parts.)

PART II.

One morning, after I had been living alone in the log camp for six or seven weeks, I saw three black elk walking along the opposite bank of the creek. They were an elk cow, her calf and a yearling, all ungainly creatures.

They stopped near the partially burned camp of the trestle-makers, and presently began scuffling together over something on the ground. As there was a log bridge over the creek, I crossed, after they had gone away, and found they had been contending over a quantity of rock salt spilled from the pickle of a corned beef barrel.

They had gnawed the earth out and left a smooth hole where their muzzles and tongues had grubbed up the soakings from the salt. Hoof-prints showed that they had been within the walls of the old camp, which they had entered by the open doorway.

It did not at first occur to me to profit by their appetite, but I sympathized with their craving, and threw out salt for them from several of the old meat-casks in the other camp. For a week or more I saw these three elk now and then. Once a large bull elk, having antlers, appeared with the others; and having once tasted the salt, they began to resort periodically to the place.

After a time the instinct to hunt, coupled with a growing hunger for venison, stirred within me, and I began to ponder plans for capturing those elk. As I had no gun, shooting them was out of the question, but I hit upon a scheme for impounding them in the partly burned camp. I rigged a kind of gate from poles and telegraph-wire, which I suspended from the top log over the doorway in such a manner that I could drop it by pulling a long wire, extending from it across the creek to my camp. Thus I could make a pen or pound of the space within the four blackened walls, which were about nine feet in height. By way of making the pound more secure, I set a top-pole above the walls.

Then I laid trails of salt from the neighboring ground through the doorway to a plentiful supply inside the enclosure. This completed the contrivance, and like a spider in his corner, I could watch in my camp for the approach of my intended victims.

I soon observed that the elk, after coming to the salt, seldom returned till the third day following, and I surmised that they had a regular circuit or beat in feeding through the mountains. I usually saw a panther soon after the elk had gone away, from which I conjectured that the big deer, as they moved through their feeding-grounds, were followed by panthers, which probably hoped to take the elk calf in case its dam should permit it to wander far from her side.

I had no desire to capture and slaughter the elk wantonly. Fresh meat was becoming a prime necessity to me, and I wished to test my trap by catching one beast without alarming or harming the others.

At last, one cloudy morning, I saw four of the animals near my trap, and soon two of them went leisurely into the pen. I had my hand on the wire, when they came out, one behind the other, so closely that it was not possible to separate them. But the yearling immediately strolled in alone. Then, with a sharp tug at my wire, I let the

gate drop and anxiously waited for what might happen.

The impounded creature rushed about inside the pen, plunged at the gate and bleated repeatedly, but was unable to get out. The others, now at a little distance, turned and gazed inquiringly toward the spot, yet did not seem alarmed, for there had been no startling noise. As they soon walked away, I hobbled over to the old camp and inspected my vigorous prisoner through the cracks in the trap-door.

How to make venison of the animal was

one of the beef-barrels. Almost immediately after beginning to live on the broiled and stewed fresh venison I found my strength increasing.

A while afterward, in September, I succeeded in impounding the elk calf in the same way, but before this the offal from my butcher work attracted a number of bears to the neighborhood of the pound. Among these visitors I thought I saw the same large gray bear that had called at my camp earlier in the summer.

The night after I impounded the elk calf



I DIDN'T STOP TO HOBBLE.

something of a problem for me, as I was still much crippled, and, moreover, felt like a beast of prey in planning for the death of the ensnared creature. But hunger, I reasoned, justified me, and the reflection that nearly all human beings subsist upon their weaker fellow animals.

During the day I contrived to toss a slip-noose of rope about the young elk's neck. Against this it pulled till it fell down, and then I used my pole-knife. There were probably two hundred pounds of the meat, about half of which I laid down in salt in

bears came in force. Hearing hideous outcries accompanied by savage growls, I looked out and saw the forms of at least three bears quarreling over the head and other refuse meat.

The ugly brutes soon appeared to have scented the venison which I had hung up over the roof in the smaller camp in which I lived, but they were as yet contented with the offal. The next night, however, they crossed the creek, and I heard them shuffling around outside. By shouting and thrusting out firebrands I contrived to

frighten them away for it is far from pleasant to hear grizzlies, weighing perhaps half a ton each, snuffing at one's door in the dead hours of the night.

Although my health had improved, I was still stiff in my joints, and could not walk for even fifty yards without pain. But my courage had risen, and before long I began to revolve plans for entrapping the bears.

Night after night, after barricading my door, I lay pondering projects for bringing them to grief. Finally I determined to entice them into the smaller log camp across the creek by baiting it with the offal of the elk.

This small camp, which stood about two hundred feet from the larger, was a strong structure fifteen by twenty feet on the ground, built of Douglas fir and cedar logs from a foot to fifteen inches in diameter. It was roofed with poles, covered with dry fir boughs, and had a door hewn plank, strongly cleated.

I took the door off its hinges and set it within, between two posts, one on each side of the doorway, so that it could be hoisted up and let down, like a gate in a water-slulce. For dropping it, I rigged a button with a wire extending back overhead to the other end of the camp.

In doing all this I spent a whole week, for I could work but little as yet. Almost every stroke with the axe put me to pain, and I was obliged to rest often; but I persisted till I had the door so strong that I felt sure no living creature smaller than an elephant could tear it out.

When it was ready for setting I scattered fresh bones about the doorway, and at the farther side of the camp attached a fore-quarter of my venison to the wire in such a way that a tug at it would let the trap-gate drop. From my camp across the creek I could see the door of the bear-trap, and know whether it was sprung or not.

On the second night after baiting the new trap I heard bears shuffling about it, and early next morning saw that the door had fallen. Arming myself with my pole-knife and an axe, I crossed the log bridge in considerable excitement. Had I caught a bear or a panther? I feared it might be nothing larger than a wildcat or a marten.

Near the trap I listened for some time. There was no sound from inside. I stole up and peeped in at a crack beside the door. The camp seemed empty, and I supposed the gate had fallen accidentally. But just then I made out a large dark mass in one corner, and presently caught the wicked, green light of a pair of eyes.

As I could not make sure what sort of beast it was, I went round to a little square hole left for a window on the south side, which I had stopped with a bit of log. Removing this, I looked in. No sooner had my face appeared than a roar caused me to jump backward in haste.

The bear was in there—no mistake about that! He had been lying quiet, not so much from fear, probably, as from sullenness or shame at having been trapped. His growl seemed to say, 'Just let me get a paw on you and I'll teach you better manners than to play tricks on me!' It was a large 'silvertip' bear, but not such a monster as the one that had knocked my camp door down in August.

I had caught my bear, but what to do with him was a problem. The best scheme I could think of was to get on the roof of the camp with a line, make a hole through the poles, and attempt to drop a slip-noose over the bear's head. If I could do that, I might be able to choke him.

Accordingly I went back to my camp for the rope I had used to lasso the elk, and

then clambered upon the roof of the camp-trap, while the bear growled in such a frightful manner below me that I did not at all like my plan. But I could think of nothing better. After I had crawled up near the ridge-pole and opened a hole three or four feet square, I attempted to lasso the animal.

There may have been other beasts as furious as that silvertip became, but I never saw one of them. He struck the noose aside with his paw, roared at me in a blood-curdling manner, and tried to climb the walls. But I was out of his reach and continued casting the noose.

At last, as if in disdain of me, the great creature sat down in one corner and let me throw the line, making no effort to ward it off. By a lucky cast I flung the noose over his head, jerked it tight and held fast. I had taken what I thought the precaution of tying the other end of the rope to the ridge-pole.

Then the battle began. The bear no sooner felt the rope tighten on his throat than he reared up, brought his paws against the line and leaped to the other side of the camp. The rope was jerked violently out of my grasp, and I fell face downward upon the roof. The bear wheeled, seemed to tangle himself in the line, and brought his whole weight to bear on it. Instantly I heard a loud crack and felt the ridge-pole settle down.

At that I forgot rheumatism and jumped handsomely to get off the roof, but I was too late. It went down in a heap, and I with it, right on top of the bear. There were only a few bits of pole and rotten brush between us.

What a roar that brute let out then! I think I yelled, too—all I could. No doubt he was alarmed, but alarm is no name for my terror. He clawed wildly to get from under the ruins, but he was not quick enough to keep me from clambering out over the log wall of the camp.

I hardly know how I did it, but in less than five seconds I was outside, heading for the bridge. I didn't stop to hobble, either, for I heard a frightful snort just as I dropped to the ground, and caught a glimpse of the bear going over the top log of the camp wall dragging a piece of the ridge-pole by the rope around his neck.

Till then I had not fully straightened my legs and back since I was crippled, but I braced up and ran the two hundred yards to my camp at top speed. The silvertip did not follow me, however. He took to the woods, and I never saw anything further of him.

No sooner had I gained my camp door than I was seized with such pains in my limbs and about my joints that I thought I should surely expire. Fever returned, and throughout that entire day my suffering was great. I feared a long relapse, but the pain and fever subsided during the night, and I was much better the next morning. Now I could stand erect and walk without hobbling.

While twisting about in the night I thought that I would never more trouble the bears, but after I found myself better my ideas began to run upon trapping them again. The main difficulty I had now learned, was not so much to catch a bear as to deal with him afterward.

I cleared out the old camp, cut new poles and replaced the roof. Then I chopped a hole through one side of the log wall, cutting a short piece out of one large log, and leaving an aperture two feet long by about fifteen inches high. Through this a captive bear could thrust his head.

Next I set a post a little to one side of

the hole, on the outside of the camp, but close up to the log wall; indeed, I chopped into the wall and set it partly into the logs. To this post I attached a long, heavy lever by a wooden pin near the top end of it, so that the lever could be worked horizontally up and down like a pump-brake.

I mortised holes in the under side of this lever for inserting the heads of three old axes so that the blades would project downwards. My idea was to provoke some captive bear into thrusting out his head to seize me. Then I would shut the lever down across his back, catching it between the bottom log and the axe blades.

By throwing my entire weight upon the long arm of the lever I expected to be able either to behead the bear or speedily choke him to death. I estimated that I could easily bring a weight of a ton to bear on those axe blades.

In rigging this device I spent the better part of a week, and I do not think that I ever felt more confident of the success of anything; but I had still much to learn concerning grizzly bears, and my progress in this portion of my education was wonderfully rapid a few nights later.

(To be Continued.)

A Father and a Mother

(By Annie Flint, in 'The Independent'.)

The sun—a July sun, blazing hot—beat down upon the river and shone vertically along the palisades, throwing its blinding glare over the hills of the east shore and on the rails of the Hudson River Road. In the distance sounded the whistle of a train that had just passed. The man at the switch lifted his head to listen. One of the group by the river's edge came forward hastily.

'Look-a-here, Willet, what did you go back there for? That train ain't comin' this way. You're off duty; do you understand? It's my time now. That's all right, old feller; gimme here.'

Tears streamed down the speaker's face. The man at the switch turned to him inquiringly, then stared beyond at the others who drew together as if to screen something that he must not see. There was a foginess in his head, which made understanding difficult. Of course, Mitchell could take the switch; it was Mitchell's time. He had a feeling that he would never be clear-headed again, never be worth anything more to the Road. He took an unsteady step in the direction of the men, and two of them sprang to his side in an instant, while one hung back before the something that he must not be allowed to see. Their features worked and their voices trembled in explaining how, at the little railway station and at the boat-house a few rods off, they, too, had heard the boy's cry, had seen his struggle in the water. Run as they would, they had not been in time to save him. Then they broke down utterly and sobbed, and the fog lifted somewhat from Willet's brain so that he could hear their voices, while his hand was wrung vigorously many times. The fog shut down again, and he was puzzled. What was it they kept saying had happened? What had he tried to do? Day in and day out the boy had ducked and splashed in the few feet of water near the bridge where his father had his post. There'd never any harm come to him. But now he'd cried aloud for help, and his father'd had to bear him, had to see him die! The horror of the thing, the terrible shock to the man's nervous system, isolated him for the time being from any appreciation of human sympathy. He attempted to walk and stag-

gered, shivering under the intense heat of the sun. He had the instinct of a wounded animal to go home. On the brow of the hill above stood his neat frame cottage, with a path roughly worn between the bridge and his own door. The high-road, much the longer way, wound leisurely down the hill. Willet shambled in the direction of the road; he and the boy always went by the path.

With a sensation of the greatest relief, the men followed, one carrying the little drowned body, and two others so moving that they could still manage to shield it from its father's eyes. Mitchell stayed behind on duty at the switch. The air was full of the happy twitter of birds, the hum of insects, the distant rumble of waggon wheels and the lazy paddling of river craft, which make up the thousand and one sounds along the Hudson in summer time. The sad little procession had gone two-thirds of their way, when suddenly other music burst upon their ears. A woman's voice, round and comfortable, with a touch of the brogue in it, was singing cheerily:

'Oh! whin will my lo-ove come ba-ack to me?

Some bright summer day in the morning,
Some bright summer day in the mor-orn-
ing!'

It was Hannah Willet—Hannah going about her household duties, and, perhaps, ready to step to the kitchen porch and signal her man Jim and her boy, as she usually did at the hour when Mitchell or Dougherty took Willet's place at the switch. If she came on the porch now she would see them. Dougherty, lumbering along at Willet's heels, turned sick at the thought.

'For the love o' the Lord, Connolly, bhoys,' he whispered thickly over his shoulder, 'run up to the house, will ye an' sthoph the singin'. Do it widout killin' her. She's got to have the news broke before her heart is.'

Connolly handed the dead child to the man nearest him and nodded. Then came a fresh burst of song, louder than the first, clearer, nearer, which seemed to swing down the hillside and strike the men full across their faces.

'Oh! whin will my lo-ove come ba-ck to me?

Some bright—'

The voice stopped. It neither broke into a shriek nor a moan. It simply stopped short, as if ruthless fingers had seized the poor singer by the throat and held her. Hannah Willet stood on her kitchen porch.

There was nothing for the men now but to go on and face her as best they could. They had the impulse to turn and run, which the bravest, they say, will have in a moment of supreme danger.

'The Lord help us!' groaned Dougherty again, with a piety that was new to him. 'Shtand stiddy, bhoys. Ye'll not see poor human critters in much wuss thrubble. I'll do the explhainin'.'

Connolly seized Dougherty by the arm and jerked him backward. 'Look-a-there!' he whispered, excitedly. 'Do ye mind that, now! See him!'

With the others Willet had paused irresolutely. Then he dully raised his head and saw his wife. A quick sob, and he strode forward, erect, both hands outstretched. 'Hannah!' he cried, brokenly 'Hannah!' It was the first time he had spoken since the accident.

In a pitiful attempt not to understand, the woman glared wildly from one grief-stricken face to another, all the youth and

happy good-humor of her own looks blotted out. Finally her glance met her husband's and rested there. The terror of apprehension faded from her face, giving way before a compassion that was divine in its self-forgetfulness, that transformed her from the plain wife of a common working man into the very embodiment of tender, womanly pity. To Willet she seemed by a superhuman intuition to have understood everything. The only words that could warm through the numbness around her heart she spoke. The one phrase that was tickling clock-wise in his brain, she repeated aloud for him, and so took away half of its torture, 'You had to see him die,' was what she said, 'Oh! my poor man! my poor man! Little Jim was drowned, and you couldn't save him!'

'Give him to me,' she commanded Connolly, holding out her arms for her child. 'Let him lay here on my breast, like he did whin a slip of a baby. It'll make his father's heart easier to see him so.'

She gathered the body to her bosom, and she folded Connolly's coat more tightly around it and began softly to rub the shock of damp hair on the cold little head. It should be dry, dry entirely, or it might do him hurt; his mother wouldn't never let him stay cold like that! No, she wouldn't never. 'Poor Jim, poor Jim!' she went on, still keeping up that instinctive, motherly chafing of the child in her arms—'Poor Jim! You had the hardest, Jim! I couldn't ha' been there an' not killed myself, forgetful of you. It was you as brought him home. You came all that cruel way to bring him to me. Oh, Jim, Jim darlin'!'

Her voice was less unnatural now; it had dropped to a note of human distress that was fast bringing her to a full realization of her pain. Tears, which Willet was as yet unable to shed, rained down her cheeks; but she was not conscious that she wept. The men began to shuffle awkwardly away, muttering their clumsy words of consolation. They need not have taken the slightest precaution in the manner of their going; neither Willet nor his wife remembered they had come, nor knew when or how they left. Timidly Jim drew near and laid reverent fingers upon Hannah's sleeve. It was good to touch her and feel that she was there. Under her all-comprehending pity he was able to speak and think once more. She humanized him into himself.

'Lay little Jim on his bed, Hannah, darlin', he said, gently. 'There can't come no harm to him no more. The rest of my days I'll have his call a-ringin' in my ears. He was down by the bridge, you know, where it's so shaller an' safe, an' he a-splashin' an' a-laughin'! Then he called; sudden, sharp. He drowned afore I got to him. Oh, my God! afore I got to him!'

The woman shook herself free of his hand and stepped back.

'Afore you got to him?' she repeated, in a voice that was hushed in very wonder. 'He drowned afore you got to him, an'—an' little Jim called—little Jim called.' She paused for breath, then went on with an effort, as if the breathing hurt her: 'I thought first that you had to see him die while you was tryin' to save him; but it wasn't true. He was there in the water, an' he called, an' you couldn't get to him.' She dropped her face a moment over the dead child. When she raised it, it was set hard, pitiless. 'A mother's feet would ha' carried her,' she whispered only just above her breath; 'an' he was mine the same as yours. You let my boy die. I

never gave you no right to let my boy die.'

Slowly, deliberately, she turned and entered the house. Willet stood where she left him, motionless, staring straight ahead. From the bridge at the foot of the hill the men gazed upward, watching. They saw Hannah move, and Dougherty drew a long breath of satisfaction. It's well wid 'em, now, poor things,' he announced, sagely. 'The wust is over. They bore it bravely, an' they stood by each other. Did you see how Hannah took to comfortin' Jim from the first? You've got to leave troubles to time, anyways; but the wust is over whin folks is lovin' an' sympathizin' enough to keep each other up.'

Increase Our Faith.

A boy lay dying. His short life of ten years had been bright with earthly good, and he would soon enter into the possession of a large inheritance, if his days could be prolonged. But death had set its seal upon the lad, and he was sad, not because he must leave his inheritance here, but because he had not a clear title to the one beyond the tomb. He longed for a treasure worth more to him than gold or silver.

A beloved uncle came to see him. Sitting beside the boy, he took the thin hand in his, and asked why he was so sorrowful.

'Uncle,' the lad said, 'I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?'

He said this in such a piteous tone, and with such a troubled look, that the tender heart of the listener was deeply touched. Well was it for the dying child that he had found who could help him in this vital matter.

'My boy, trust God first, and then you will love Him without trying at all.'

The answer was a great surprise. He asked to have it repeated. Then a relieved look came into his large brown eyes, and a flush of hope upon his cheek. He said, slowly:—

'Well, I never thought of that before. I always thought I must love God before I had any right to trust him.'

'No, my dear boy,' his uncle answered, 'God wants us to trust him. That is what Jesus asks us to do first of all; and he knows that as soon as we trust him we shall begin to love him. This trust is called faith. You remember the prayer of the apostles: "Increase our faith." That is the prayer you need to pray, and that is the way to love God, to put your trust in Him first of all.'

Simply and tenderly his uncle went on to make the matter plain. He spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, how, all through his life, he tried to win the trust of men; how grieved he was when men would not believe in him, and how everyone who believed came to love without trying to love at all.

The lad listened eagerly. Then he simply said, 'I will trust Jesus now,' and put his young soul into the safe keeping of Christ. Then love, and joy and peace filled his heart. With life to the soul came vitality to the body, and he lived to know that he loved Jesus and that Jesus loved him. Faith always precedes love.—S. S. Lesson Illustrator.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
—Longfellow.

I Know He's My Firend'

('Friendly Greetings.')

'Do I remember the year of the flood? Yes, sir, I do; and good cause I have to remember it. It's not a time for anyone to forget, who has been through it.'

'I was but a youngster then, a lad of something like twelve; but to see the water come rushing through the village as though it would carry everything before it, was no joke, I can tell you.'

'How did it happen, do you say? Why, something like this. The snow had fallen on the hills over yonder, and then suddenly began to thaw. They say it was the quickest thaw ever known, and soon the water began to trickle down towards here where the country lies lowest; soon it began to come a regular torrent, and the streets and roads became impassable.'

'Mother and the little ones had been taken to a neighbor's, whose house stood on

when I saw Joe Mallurd's cottage suddenly collapse, and his bits of furniture sail away, my heart seemed to fail. Might not ours go, too? And if it did, what should I do?

'I went upstairs and opened the window. I could see nothing, but a wide expanse of water; somehow, if I were saved, it must be through that. Perhaps they would never think of me. I saw them go and take Mary Tidd and her children out of their ramshackle house, and sail away with them; but mother would be sure to think I was safe somewhere. I always had been before, so that she would not trouble about me. And this water might wash away the foundations of our house, and I should be drowned. That's how I felt!

'You see, sir, I knew I was not ready to die. I don't know that I was a bad boy; but all the wrong things I had done came back to me then, and troubled me. I

'No, sir, I was none the worse for it, but all the better, I think. Somehow, from that day I felt the Lord Jesus Christ was my Friend and, since then, I ask him for help in every difficulty.'

'Yes, sir, I know he is everybody's Friend, but then everybody does not know it. I did, from that day, and it made a man of me. That's where, it seems to me, the difference comes in. I'm often ashamed of myself. There's lots of better men than me; but then I do know that Jesus Christ is a Saviour, and I trust him, and it makes all the difference. And I hope when I get to heaven, I'll be able to do better.'

'Well, sir, the flood soon passed away. There were no lives lost, and only one or two old houses came down, that were really not fit to live in; but we all had a fright, I can tell you. But it's never likely to happen again; for the danger roused the authorities, and the whole district has been drained, but those of us who were in it are not likely to forget it.'

Story of a Good Deed.

(By Leander S. Keyser, in 'American Messenger.')

The wind moaned dismally in the pines before the house, as if singing a threnody. Seated before the glowing hearth, reading the evening newspaper, Harold Busby could not help comparing the comfort of his room with the blustering discomfort of the outdoor world.

'Really, it seems too bad an evening to venture out,' he said to himself, looking at his watch.

He settled down to his reading again. But he soon shifted in his chair, and glanced again at his watch.

'Seven o'clock,' he said. 'I promised to call on Sinclair one evening this week, and this is the only evening I can spare. But it is almost too fierce a night to be out. How the wind howls! I guess I won't—but then,' he reflected, 'the man needs advice. He's in great spiritual danger. It seems to be a duty to go to him. Yes, I'll go.'

He drew on his great coat, gloves and overshoes, and stalked out into the storm, saying to himself, 'I'll go in Christ's name.'

A walk of half an hour brought him to the door of Jasper Sinclair, who lived in another part of the city.

'Why, Mr. Busby, is it you?' the young man asked. 'I am just as much surprised as I'm glad to see you this evening. I scarcely thought you would venture out through such a storm.'

'It was the only evening of the week that I could spare, and I was so anxious to have a talk with you that I ventured,' replied Harold, looking cordially into his host's eyes.

'Well, I'm truly glad to see you. It just happens that I'm at home,' and he looked at his visitor a little guiltily.

Harold Busby was a humble worker in one of the missions of the city—a teacher in the Sunday-school. While his natural gifts were meagre, his zeal for Christ was intense. Recently he had become acquainted with Jasper Sinclair, and had learned the story of his early training in his country home, but had also discovered that he was straying from the 'old paths' since coming to the city. From the first acquaintance Harold had felt a deep interest in Sinclair, and determined to win him from his dangerous associations if he could. On this cold winter evening he had come for a friendly talk with the young man.

For several hours the two men conversed



COME, JACK! JUMP IN!

higher ground, and I had stayed in our place to get some things together that we might need. But when that was done, the water had risen still higher and was swirling along at a great rate. I dared not venture out, it was so deep, and I confess when I turned back I was fairly frightened. What was I to do, alone in the house?

'I had at first been somewhat excited, when I saw the water begin to pour down our street, and, on the whole, was pleased. It was a new and strange experience. I helped mother and the children to get away, and never dreamed of any danger for myself. I really enjoyed the excitement of it. But when I stood in the house by myself, and saw the water go swirling by, I confess, I wished I had gone with my mother to the neighbor's. Ours was a stone house: but

kneeled and prayed earnestly to God. I asked him to forgive me, and promised to try to serve him, if only he would save me. After all, I did not want to die.

'Then I opened the window and looked out. If I had seen anybody I would have shouted, but that was no use, so, instead, I sat upon the sill and quietly prayed to God to help me. But the water washing and lapping against the wall seemed to turn me giddy, so I got in again.

'Presently, I heard voices outside, and when I got up to look, there was our parson with Jim Oates in a boat outside. They had seen me.

'"Come, Jack!" cried the parson, "jump in!" And you may be sure I was not long in doing it. Soon they were rowing away to the cottage where mother was.

earnestly, and before they parted they knelt together in prayer.

'Good-night, Mr. Busby,' said Sinclair warmly clasping his visitor's hand. 'You are the first man who has spoken to me on these subjects since I came to the city. I thank you for your kindly counsel and warning. Depend upon it, I shall not forget your words. And—and—' his voice trembled a little—'continue to pray for me. My danger is greater than I supposed.'

What was the sequel to Harold's unselfish act that wintry night? A week later young Sinclair met him at the mission.

'Mr. Busby,' he broke out, grasping Harold's hand, 'I owe you everything. Your visit the other night set me to thinking, and I am glad to say that God has opened my eyes and made me a new creature.'

The speaker's face glowed, and Harold's voice choked as he tried to express his joy and gratitude.

'And now,' continued Sinclair, 'I want to be a worker. If I can help you in your mission work, I am at your service.'

'You are beginning in the right way, my friend,' said Harold.

Other important consequences followed young Sinclair's conversion. He became an effective worker in the mission, and was the means of bringing many to Christ, and these in turn brought others, and thus the work spread until it was soon impossible for human wisdom to trace all the ramifying influences of grace that flowed from that winter night's good deed.

But there is one stream of influence that we may trace a little farther. A few years later Jasper Sinclair married a Christian girl and moved, for business reasons, to another city. He carried his earnest evangelistic spirit with him. One night, as he and his young wife were walking along a brightly lighted street, they met a young man, with whom they had recently made acquaintance. He tried to avoid them, but Sinclair stopped and spoke.

'Whither away, Washburn, in such a hurry?'

'Oh, I was just going—well, to be honest, I'm desperately lonely to-night, and was just going to meet some of the fellows who invited me to play some games with them.'

'Lonely, are you?' asked Sinclair, cheerfully. 'Come with us, then. We've no engagement for this evening, and wife and I would be glad to have a few games with you in our parlor. Come, friend Washburn; 'tis the cosiest little parlor that ever you did spy,' he added, with a laugh.

'I believe I'll accept your invitation,' replied the young man, after a moment's thought.

The evening was pleasantly spent with games and social converse, closing with a cordial invitation on Sinclair's part to young Washburn to join the former's Sunday-school class. The visitor promised that he would, saying:

'I attended church services in my college days, but since I came to this city I've drifted away. My associations have not been favorable.' Then he hesitated. 'Before I go, I must make a confession. You know about the proverbial "honest confession." I was taking my first step into real evil this evening when you met me and arrested me by your kind invitation. Thank you, friends. I shall change my course.'

'Ask the strong Christ to help you,' was Mrs. Sinclair's parting counsel.

Their visitor gone Jasper Sinclair and his wife sat down to talk over the evening's episode.

'Kitty,' he said, 'it was just like this that Harold Busby rescued me four years ago.'

'God bless him,' she replied, with shining eyes. 'See how that good deed spreads like an ever-widening circle.'

Faithful to his promise, young Washburn came to the Sunday-school the next Sabbath morning, and before many weeks he was most happily brought to Christ. Then followed another blessed sequel. Washburn felt that he must become a preacher of the gospel. Having already received a college diploma, he went at once to a divinity school, from which he graduated in due time.

Through his earnest preaching hundreds of persons were brought to Christ, and thus the circle of influence went on ever widening, blessing many lives for time and eternity.

Is it not marvellous how much good Harold Busby is doing in the world? And yet he is going on his quiet, humble way, little conscious of it all. But in the future life he will be able to read the shining record and trace the unending influence of his good deed. Who can ever count the multitude who will arise and call him blessed?

Perhaps this simple history will cheer some other humble worker.

The Chaplain's Story.

Let me tell you something I happen to know, because I am a prison chaplain. Many of the young men who come into my office to talk with me and tell me their troubles, admit that it was reading bad books that gave them their first taste for crime, though at the time they did not know what it was.

Let me give you one instance, though not in the prison where I am now chaplain. In the Massachusetts State Prison is a man by the name of Jesse Pomeroy. His case twenty-six years ago was known all over the United States. He was the boy murderer, who killed two boys and tortured a number of others. His whole iniquitous course was begun and fostered by the reading of bad books. He read how boys had done awful deeds and how cleverly they always escaped detection, and he came to the conclusion that he could do the same. His mother, a Christian woman, was afraid of the influence of these books and used to follow him to his room and see him safely in bed before she left him. But he used to conceal candles in the room and after his mother had gone to bed, he would light a candle and read nearly all night long. It was bad books that started him on his downward course. Jesse Pomeroy ought to have been a useful man. He is a clear-headed, inventive, thoughtful man; but if there were 875 men to be released from the State Prison to-morrow, out of the 876 at present confined in the cells, he would be the one to remain. Public indignation would tear him limb from limb if he ever did escape. All this because he gave way to the temptation to read bad books.

What a lesson for boys and young men! Be careful what you read. Once a month Jesse Pomeroy's poor, broken-hearted mother comes to the prison to see him. She is the only one now who is allowed to see him. Think of it! He has been there for twenty-six years now, and is only forty-two years old, healthy, strong and with every appearance of living a good many years. But he is never to know what liberty means, although he spends day after day thinking and planning how it is possible to get out and what he will do when he gets out. His career of crime was inspired by bad books. He was like any other boy, till he became a slave to the book that told him of crime and its outcome;

that told how boys did deeds of cruelty and were made heroes by it. Such a life and such a lesson ought to teach every young man a good lesson on reading.

One day, as I sat in the guardroom waiting for a man I had come in to see, the officer went over to a pleasant-faced woman sitting beside a young man not more than twenty-four or twenty-five years old, and said to her, 'Your time is up, Madam.' I asked the officer about the case. Said he:

'Yes, that is his mother. She is the only one of the family that will come near him; they all feel so disgraced at his being here. Sad case, sir! He is here for life. Been here seven years already.'

While we had been speaking, the woman had risen, and covering the young man's face again and again with tears and kisses, she at last tore herself away from him, and he rushed toward his cell. This scene is repeated every month. Another life blighted by bad books and bad companions!—Austen T. Kempton, in 'Christian Herald.'

The Swan and the Crane.

There is an old legend of a swan and a crane. A beautiful swan alighted by the banks of the water in which a crane was wading about seeking snails. For a few moments the crane viewed the swan in stupid wonder, and then inquired:—

'Where do you come from?'

'I came from heaven,' replied the swan.

'And where is heaven?'

'Heaven!' replied the swan, 'Heaven! have you never heard of heaven?' And then the beautiful bird went on to describe the grandeur of the eternal city. She told of streets of gold, and the gates and walls made of precious stone; of the river of life, pure as crystal, upon whose banks is the tree whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations. In eloquent terms the swan sought to describe the hosts who live in the other world, but without arousing the slightest interest.

Finally the crane asked, 'Are there any snails there?'

'Snails!' repeated the swan; 'no! of course not.'

'Then,' said the crane, as it continued its search along the slimy banks of the pools, 'you can have your heaven. I want snails!'

This fable has a deep truth underlying it. How many a young person to whom God has granted the advantages of a Christian home, has turned his back upon it and searched for snails. How many a man will sacrifice his wife, his family, his all, for the snails of sin! How many a girl has deliberately turned from the love of parents and home to learn too late that heaven has been forfeited for snails.—D. L. Moody.

In the Woods.

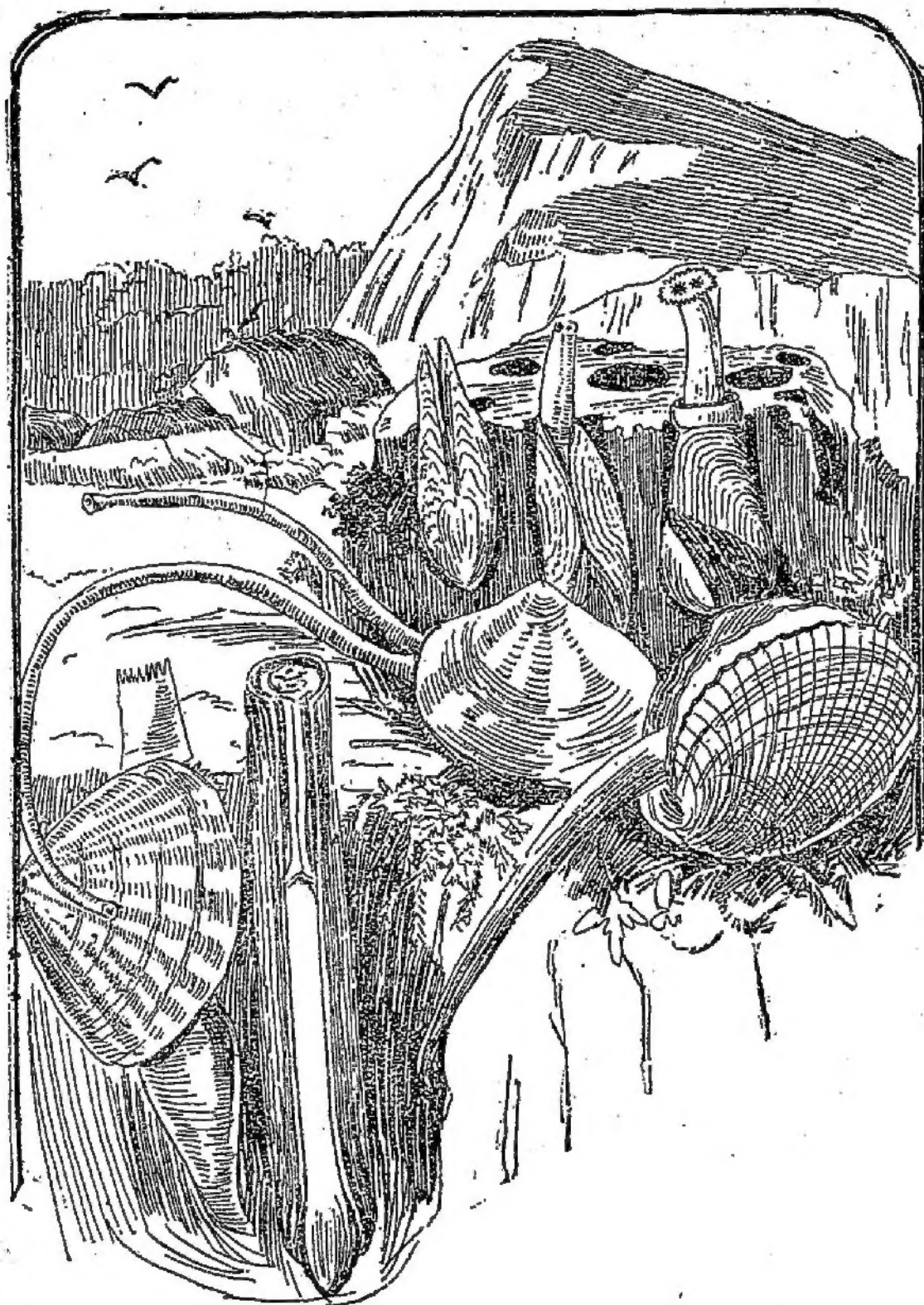
(By The Khan.)

If you would breathe that perfume sweet
That scents the trailing skirts of spring,
Forsake the office and the street
And hie thee where the blue birds sing.

The pretty flower that died last fall
Comes forth again benign and brave,
And with his tender fingers small
He makes a cradle of his grave.

His little blanket and his sheet
Were woven in the looms of love;
The angels made them soft and sweet
With holy incense from above.

Draw softly near—and mark it well,
This little stranger in the sod;
For in his tender breath you smell
The far-off greenhouse of our God!



Rock and Sand Borers.

Come and sit on the rocks with me for a little while in this pretty place. Look at the dashing, foaming water, and the sea gulls. But it is low tide now. The water has covered the very spot where we sit, and will again in a few hours. Do you see this rock, all full of clean-cut little holes? But they were not made by a hard tool. They were the work of the soft and fleshy 'Piddock,' who is covered with a thin rough shell. It is not known just how he does this piece of stone cutting, but he makes himself a very comfortable place, as you see.

Do you see this other rock borer, who has a star-shaped disk at the top? They call it the 'Paper Pholas,' because it has such a very thin shell. You see two holes in the disk? Well, they are the openings, tubes through which the creature breathes and eats.

Below these are some mud and sand borers called the 'Rough

Shell' and the 'Razor Shell.' The 'Cockle' is at the right. The cockle is liked for food by many people, and is caught and sold by fishermen.

Poor Matt; or the Clouded Intellect.

(Jean Ingelow.)

The back-ground of the story is a lonely sea-coast, somewhere off the British Isles, where are scattered a few fishermen's cottages. A lady from a neighboring resort comes upon it one day, in her wanderings, and is attracted when quite a distance away by the figure of a boy standing motionless and gazing up into a rift in the clouds. So intent, so immovable was his attitude, that she goes up to him and asks what he is doing. But not until she takes hold of him and repeats her question several times does he finally look away from the sky, and turn to her. Then with distressful earnestness he says:

'Matt was looking for God — Matt wants to see God.'

She was astonished and shocked at such an answer, but she soon saw that 'the clouded intellect' meant no disrespect or irreverence in thus 'looking for God.' Great clouds were rolling up in the heavens, and he explained, 'There was a great hole—Matt wanted to see God.'

The lady at once became interested in the boy. She learned that his parents had died when he was an infant and that he had been reared by his great-grandfather and an old aunt. A little neighbor girl who was very kind to him, said to the lady; 'He's a natural, ma'am; he don't know enough to get into mischief like us that have sense.' In answer to her many inquiries this new friend also learned that it was hard to get anything into his head; but once that's done, there was no fear of his ever forgetting it.

So interested did she become in this singular child, that day after day she would come and sit and teach him. One of the things he learned was that a penny would get five apples (of which he was very fond), and that if people did not pay were 'bad men, bad men—put 'em in prison.'

This idea of 'not paying' took fast hold of him, and led to the next step in his dim mind towards his comprehension of God, and his plan of salvation. One day the 'parson,' for whom he had great reverence, read the parable of the 'king that would take account of his servants.' The boy was so intensely interested that he begged for more. So the minister, to make it very plain and vivid, told it over in his own words rather than read it. When he came to the part where the king said he shall be put in prison and never come out 'until he has paid all this money,' poor Matt became so distressed that he fled from the cottage. The lady who was present at the time followed and found him lying on the beach 'talking to God,' he said:

'And what did Matt say?' she asked.

His reply was:

'God, God—Matt has no money to pay.'

She took both of his hands in hers, and looking at him, said cheerfully: 'Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt.' Then she added, the child repeating it after her slowly: 'God will not put Matt in prison now. Jesus Christ has paid for poor Matt.' This good news gave him great satisfaction, and after hearing it over and over again he walked a little way off, and lifting his arms and face to heaven cried in a clear voice:

'Man that paid, man that paid, Matt says, thank you, thank you.'

A strange sight, and strange words to hear! 'The clouded intellect' had grasped the whole plan of salvation. We cannot follow out the whole of this little story, but there is one more incident that we must mention.

The old grandfather died, and Matt was told that God had sent to fetch him. He at once wanted to go, too. The friend then assured him that God would send for him some day. But that some day did not pacify him, he must know what day. So, with much difficulty she made him understand that she could not say when, but it might be any day. This he understood, and at once got up and went towards the cottage. When the lady asked what he wanted, he looked at his hands, and said:

'Matt must have his hands washed; Matt must be ready.'

And after that he was always striving to be ready. — 'American Messenger.'

The Old Clock.

One Sabbath day Arthur was left at home alone, while all the rest of the family attended church. Instead of regarding the day as he should, in the quiet perusal of the Bible and other good books, he made it a day of self-amusement. As soon as all were gone, Arthur began to search all the nooks and corners of the time-honored dwelling. The garret was explored, and many rare curiosities exhumed. Ancient desks and drawers were examined, revealing their curious contents to his impertinent and childish curiosity.

An old clock stood in the corner, with a tall, gaunt, brown case. Within the dark, hollow closet. Arthur had often peered, but he had never been allowed to examine very closely the mysteries of the

clock case. Now was a fine opportunity. He opened the narrow door. The long pendulum was swinging back and forth at regular intervals with a loud tick, tick, tick, tick. Two long cylindrical tin weights, and two very little lead weights, were hanging by small cords.

Arthur had seen his father wind up the clock, and he knew it was done by pulling down the little weights. 'It must be rare sport,' he thought, 'to wind up the old clock.' He would make the attempt, at any rate. So, taking hold of the small weights, he tugged away right manfully. The wheels purred, and the great weight began to rise.

'Faster,' said Arthur, 'go up faster,' and giving a sudden pull, the cord broke, and down came the heavy weight with a loud noise! Then there was a terrible whirring among the clock wheels for a moment, and then it stopped. The ticking ceased, and the pendulum stood still.

'Oh, what have I done now?' cried Arthur in distress. 'Oh, what will father say to me when he sees what I have done?' Arthur closed the clock door, and for the remainder of the day, till his parents returned, was a very humble, quiet boy.

When his father returned, on looking at the old clock, he perceived that it had stopped. Opening the clock door, he saw that one of the weights had broken, and the weight had fallen to the bottom of the case.

'How is this, Arthur; did you know that the clock is stopped?'

'Yes, sir,' replied Arthur, 'I heard a great noise in the clock case, and when I went to look in, behold it was silent!'

Mr. Milton made no more inquiries, supposing that it was an accidental occurrence. Night came, and little Arthur went to bed as usual. His father had tied the cord, and the clock was now ticking as loudly as ever. To Arthur it ticked louder than ever. It seemed to say in the silence of the night,

'Boy! boy! boy!' 'A lie! a lie! a lie!' 'Own it! own it! own it!'

Arthur did not sleep much. Conscience whispered to him, and with the words of the old clock said, 'Arthur, you have told a lie.'

Early in the morning he arose and gazed up into the face of the old clock. It looked very sternly at him. 'Quick! quick! quick!' said the clock. So the poor boy went to his father and told all with a very sorrowful heart. His father freely forgave him. And he prayed that God would forgive him, and never suffer him to tell a lie again.

Lying is a low, mean vice, and very wicked. — 'Presbyterian Messenger.'

What Maidie Did.

The box was all packed and stood by the door;

'Twas going a journey the round world o'er;

There was nothing to do but to nail down the lid,

Save this one little thing that Maidie did.

Maidie stood on the door-step, Pegg on her arm,

Holding her tight and keeping her warm;

She was not very much of a doll, poor Peg,

With her head almost off, and only one leg.

Yet, of all Maidie had, she was dearest and best,

Next to papa and mamma and all of the rest,

And now her poor brain was all in a whirl

At the thought that many a poor little girl,

Where the big box was going, had naught so good

As queer little Pegg, and do what she would

The question kept coming, 'Ought Pegg to go

In the box o'er the sea, when she loved her so?'

She would roll up a rag doll, wouldn't that do?

Or she'd save all her pennies the whole year through,

For the nicest French dolly in all the big store,

But then that couldn't go in the box by the door.

'The sweetest — the bestest — the minister said —'

And softly she patted Pegg's little tow head,

Kissed her poor faded lips, with a sob raised the lid —

* * * * *
Can you guess for me now what our Maidie did? — 'Dayspring.'



LESSON XI.—JUNE 16.

Jesus Appears to John.

Revelation i., 9-20. Memory verses, 17, 18.
Read also Luke ix., 28-36; Exodus xxv., 31-40; Zech. iv., 1-14

Golden Text.

'Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever.'—Hebrews xiii., 8.

Lesson Text.

(9) I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. (10) I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, (11) Saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia; unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea. (12) And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks: (13) And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. (14) His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; (15) And his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace, and his voice as the sound of many waters. (16) And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. (17) And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last. (18) I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death. (19) Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter; (20) The mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in my right hand, and the seven golden candlesticks. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches.

Suggestions.

(Condensed from 'Peloubet's Select Notes'.)

I. John.—Can this writer, who thus boldly four times in the Apocalypse puts himself forward, be the same as the author of the fourth Gospel, who did not even name himself there, except as 'the disciple whom Jesus loved'? Yes; for there is a time to hide one's self and a time to assert one's self. The question for us as for John is only this: 'Which will best show forth Christ?—When the sun is up, the lamp honors it by merely reflecting the sunlight from its polished surface; but when the sun is set, the lamp best honors it by shining with its own light, which was derived, when we trace it back, from the sun. That is why John hid himself in the Gospel; that is why both John and Paul asserted themselves when they came to use the authority and wisdom that Christ had given them. 'Self-assertion,' says Maurice, 'may be as great a duty as self-depreciation.'

Was in the isle that is called Patmos.—'The Lord shut him in' is beautifully said of Noah. Oh, the visions that have come to the Lord's 'shut-ins,' to Paul and Silas, singing in their dungeon; to Bunyan, writing in prison his immortal allegory, Fanny Crosby, composing in her blindness thousands of lovely hymns, and George Matheson, the marvellous blind preacher of Edinburgh! Truly, Christ has never ceased preaching to 'the spirits in prison.' For

the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ. This phrase certainly supports the tradition that John was banished to Patmos because he was a Christian. 'St. John, proclaiming the King of kings, and Lord of lords, struck a blow at the worship as well as the polity of the Roman Empire.'—Maurice. In the persecutions of these times, 'many of the Christians were sewn up in skins of wild beasts, and then torn to pieces by dogs; were smeared with wax and pitch, and then burned as torches to give light by night in the imperial gardens.'—Schauffler. There is no virtue merely in being persecuted, but 'blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake.' The scars the German students get in their duels are no honor to them, but the scarred face of a noble soldier is his glory. General Howard's empty sleeve bears constant testimony. The Armenians won more Gregorians to the pure religion by their brave sufferings in the massacres than by their words before those terrible days. Thus you can make all your sorrows, your headaches, your deafness, your lameness, bear testimony for Jesus.

Alpha is the first and Omega the last letter of the Greek alphabet; the two combined in a monogram are sometimes used by artists to represent the Deity. I am A and Z, and, of course, all letters between; and in the alphabet lies every book, in embryo. It is as if he said, 'I am lead and hydrogen,' or, 'I am violet and red, the beginning and end of the spectrum of being.' God is 'centre and soul of every sphere.' (Holmes.) He is 'without beginning of days or end of life.' Try to imagine it, if you want to realize how infinitely lower is the creature than the Creator. And, What thou seest, write in a book. 'The command to write is given twelve times in the Apocalypse.'—M. R. Vincent. What if John had not written? What if Moody had said, 'I am only an ignorant boy, untrained and unskilled'? How many Christians keep their visions to themselves! How few feel, with Paul, 'Woe unto me if I preach not the gospel!'

The Seven Cities.—Ephesus was a large commercial city, famed for its wonderful temple of Diana. Paul had founded the church here, dwelling three years in the city. Smyrna, forty miles north of Ephesus, contains now about 180,000 people, and is a great missionary centre. Pergamos now numbers 30,000 inhabitants. Its ancient glory was a great library. Our word 'parchment' is derived from 'charta Pergamena,' paper of Pergamos. Thyatira, once celebrated for its purple dyes, is still a considerable town. Sardis, once a famous city, the capital of Croesus and enormously wealthy, is now in ruins. Philadelphia is still a town of about 10,000, despite several destructions by earthquakes. Laodicea, once famous as a seat of the wool trade, is now only a wretched village surrounded by ruins.

The Vision, (verses 12-16).—Portions of the following picture are used in describing Christ in each of the seven messages to the churches, given in the next chapters. (12) And I turned to see the voice.—If you would get the most good out of any message, you should face the speaker.—Trumbull. You cannot get good from a righteous word till you turn from a life of unrighteousness. And . . . I saw seven golden candlesticks, or lampstands. The ancients did not use candles like ours. (Simcox.) The candlesticks represent the churches, (see v. 20). 'A church which does not diffuse light must gather darkness into itself.'—Maurice.

His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow.—The white hair, symbolic of purity, also reminds us that John was beholding the Ancient of Days of Daniel's similar vision, (Dan. vii., 9); but we remember also the transfiguration robes 'white as the light,' (Matt. xvii., 2), and we see in this description a token not only of Christ's wisdom and hoary age ('Before Abraham was, I am'), but the shining splendor of his power. His is age like that of nature, whose seasons are forever changing, yet forever renewed. And his eyes were as a flame of fire. 'Looking into the heart and spirit, discovering what is false; burning it with their love.'—Maurice. 'Marking omniscience as pertaining to Christ, possibly with the attendant idea of penetrating to the hidden recesses of sin.'—Dwight.

And his voice as the sound of many waters.—Soothing like the rain on the roof, mighty as the sweep of the storm, gentle

as the brook and powerful as the ocean, resistless as the tide and persuasive as the upland spring or the drop of dew—all sounds of all waters are in God's voice! How many of its tones have you heard? John strikes all of their notes in different parts of this wonderful book.

And he had in his right hand seven stars.—'Who hath meted out heaven with the span?' (Isa. xl., 12.) Seven is the number of completeness: all the stars are upheld by him; his hand controls the destiny of the universe, your fortune, your joy, your sorrow. And in that hand is the nail-print, the proof that his control will ever be in love. And out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword.—The value of many symbols ceases when we press them literally and do not rather feel them as splendid suggestions. 'The lamb in the midst of the throne' is a magnificent suggestion of this kind ('the tenderness in the midst of the almightiness,'—Mrs. Whitney); but it is spoiled when we try to picture it exactly. This sword is the sword of the spirit, the word of God, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, (Heb. iv., 12). Before its flash John had seen the Roman soldiers fall backward in the garden, (John xviii., 6). 'Never man spake like this man,' (John vii., 46). And his countenance was as the sun shineth.—There is no earthly beauty equal to a shining face; what must it be for Christ's face to shine? And our faces can shine only as Christ's spirit dwells within us.

I am alive for evermore.—This was the comfort needed by the persecuted Christians for whom John was writing, needed also by us: Christ is not dead. Christ was alive. What he then showed himself to be he is now, and forever will be. That was one reason why he came to earth,—to disclose to men his eternal character. 'We shall never understand his life and death on earth, unless we see before them the eternal dwelling of the Word with God, and after them the exaltation of his manhood to the throne of the universe.'—MacLaren. And have the keys of hell and of death.—Hell here is not Gehenna but Hades, the unseen world, to which go all the dead, both good and evil. The dead, according to the figure implied in the keys, are only in prison; Christ will let them out. No one is a real prisoner if he himself holds the key to his prison, or if some one he loves and trusts holds them. 'And what are the words that raise St. John? Are they, "Fear not; I am he whom thou knewest in Cana and on Tabor; I am he that placed thee nearest to myself?" No! It could not console or revive St. John to be told of what had been done for him; how he had been singled out from the rest of his race. To hear those words ringing in his ears, "I have the keys of hell and of death"; of all that thou fearest, of all that man fears, of all that sin has caused him to fear,—this must be a comfort to every apostle and martyr.'—Maurice.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 16.—Topic—Reverence for sacred things.—Exod. iii., 1-6.

Junior C. E. Topic.

KINDNESS

Mon., June 10.—God's kindness.—Ps. cxvii., 1, 2.

Tues., June 11.—Kindness to parents.—I. Tim. v., 4.

Wed., June 12.—Kindness to friends.—Prov. xviii., 24.

Thu., June 13.—Love and kindness.—I. Cor. xiii., 4.

Fri., June 14.—Kindness to animals.—Luke xiv., 5.

Sat., June 15.—Kindness to one another.—Col. iii., 12, 13.

Sun., June 16.—Topic—The law of kindness.—Jas. ii., 8; Prov. xii., 10.

All Christians should recognize in a practical way the importance of making religion attractive by their own example and spirit. They should point to heaven and lead the way. They should pray for and with their scholars. If they do not all that they say to them about prayer will be largely discounted.—Living Epistle.



Wise Words from a Successful Merchant.

Mr. Joshua L. Baily, the president of the National Temperance Society, is an earnest advocate of the total abstinence pledge. He has found it a shield and a wall of defence for himself through many years of an active business life, and he commends it to young men and young women, too, as a safeguard which will support and strengthen them in the moment of temptation.

In illustration of these views, in a recent public address, Mr. Baily related the following striking experience of a Vermont lad as told by himself in after life:

"I had been reading books," he said, "about the ocean and the ships which sailed it, and I became infatuated with the life of a sailor, and determined that when I was old enough I would go to sea. At length the time



MR. JOSHUA L. BAILY.

came when, much against my mother's preference but at last with her consent, arrangements were made for me to ship on a vessel from New York. Well do I remember the morning when I left the home cottage on the hillside, all my little belongings tied up in a parcel that was swung on a stick which I carried over my shoulder. My mother followed me to the garden gate and there she kissed me good-bye and I passed down the road. At a turn in the road I looked back to take one more look at our cottage. My mother was still standing at the gate. Some strange impulse carried me back to get one more kiss.

"Promise me," said she, "promise me that you will never swear nor gamble nor drink," and I promised her and sealed it with a kiss, as the warm tears rolled down her cheeks and mingled with my own.

"Long years have passed since then. I have been many times around the world; have been to China and Japan and the South Sea Islands. I have been oftentimes sorely tempted, but with God's help I have never broken the pledge I made my mother. I am an old man now. I own many ships and am accounted rich, but all that I have and all that I am I owe under God to the pledge I made my mother at the garden gate."

"Many there are," says Mr. Baily, "who object to taking the pledge on the ground that it is a surrender of one's freedom. To me," says he, "it appears to be the reverse of this. The total abstinence pledge is an act of emancipation from the most abject and degrading slavery that ever held captive a human being—a declaration of independence, a proclamation of liberty, for 'He is the freeman whom the truth makes free and all are slaves beside.' No truer words were ever written than these:—'Wine is a mocker, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'—Temperance Banner."

A Smoker's Experience.

At the time of my conversion, I was a young man, with a young man's acquired vices. I had smoked for several years, and had enjoyed it as much as most men do. But I felt that it was wrong. I could not do it and maintain a clear conscience, let alone a clean breath. Notwithstanding my limited religious experience, I knew I should quit; but at this point a temptation came, and said, 'There is Mr. Jones, a class-leader, who smokes; if it's not wrong for him, how can it be for you?' And for a few weeks it was a case of see-saw in my mind, for while I felt still it was wrong, Mr. Jones's example, added to natural inclination, induced me to do what I knew I should not do. The time came, however, when I realized that if I desired to make spiritual progress I would have to do what my convictions pointed to, irrespective altogether of the other's example. I did so, and with a couple of cigars still in my pocket, resolved that by the grace of God I would quit, and there and then ceased a habit which has never been resumed, though many years have passed. And let me say this for the encouragement of others, that although in daily contact with those who smoke, I have never been tempted to go back to former habits.

I have always felt grieved when I have seen ministers smoke, or known of their doing so, because it has invariably lessened their influence, and if this letter will be the means of convincing them of that fact, it will accomplish much that is intended.

A certain clergyman, who had been president of a Conference, sat in the railway waiting-room of an Ontario town. The train was late, and to help pass the time away he sat smoking. A gentleman who resided in the town, and was also a smoker, had recently been converted, and was manfully trying to overcome his habit, but the sight of the minister smoking did more to undermine his faith than a dozen sermons could restore. This clergyman smoked so much that everything in the parsonage became tainted with tobacco odor, so that the ladies of his congregation disliked to go there. Was this man's influence what it might have been?

Another clergyman, popular and eloquent, one of the church's idols, who has been president of an Ontario Conference, was one afternoon enjoying the hospitality of a family of another denomination. With the head of that family they strolled on the lawn, the clergyman in his shirt-sleeves, and a cigar between his lips. A couple of the boys in that home, young in years, had just started on the narrow pathway of life, but the example of the minister shocked their sensibilities beyond expression. In nearly every place where this minister was stationed, people would say, 'What a pity he smokes.' He was, and is yet, one of the best preachers in Ontario, but who can say his influence would not have been infinitely greater had he not contracted and continued a bad habit?

These may not be all the reasons why young men smoke. The habit has no redeeming feature that I know of. I can anticipate a lot of arguments that may be advanced to excuse it, but in the interest of spiritual life, as well as better surroundings, we should do all we can to abate and remove something that is 'evil, and evil continually.' I am a good deal of the belief of Bro. McDonagh, who, on one occasion, was asked if smoking would keep a man out of heaven, with characteristic vigor, replied: 'Well, I would not like to say it will; but the good Lord will have to disinfect the smoker a good deal before he gets in.'—Anti-Smoker, in 'Christian Guardian.'

Prohibition in Maine.

There are places and seasons when the law is violated in different sections of the State of Maine, but at its very worst it is better than any form of license at its best. No law exterminates the evil against which it is aimed. Even the friends of temperance sometimes speak discouragingly, comparing conditions in Maine under prohibition with what they would be were the liquor traffic exterminated, instead of comparing existing conditions with what they would be under any kind of license. Not in the city of Portland, in fact, nowhere in Maine

to-day, can a pleader for mercy at the hands of a rumseller be answered as Neal Dow was answered fifty years ago, when on behalf of a poor woman and her children he asked the saloon-keeper to stop selling liquor to the husband and father; then the liquor-dealer sneered at him and told him it was his business, he had a license to sell liquor, and should continue to do so. Now the liquor-seller in Maine is an outlaw, is liable to arrest, fine, or imprisonment.

A few years ago an old gentleman living in Bridgton, a village about forty miles from Portland, said that he could well remember when there were between that village and Portland forty places, or one for every mile, where liquor could be procured. To-day there is not one along the whole route.—Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, in 'The Christian Endeavor World'

Correspondence

North Ainslie, Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—When I wrote to you before the ground was covered with snow, and ice. The cold, pitiless north wind was blowing. The trees were bare and unattractive. But now it is summer! Summer, with all its beautiful flowers, singing birds and fragrant breezes.

Oh! it is delightful to walk about on the hills, and by the lake side; gathering flowers and studying them. We study botany in school, and consequently we have to gather all the flowers we can. Not very many have bloomed yet.

The following kinds are plentiful on the hills and in the dales: Spring beauty, bloodroot, blue violet, white violet, dandelion, strawberry blossoms, and many others. Our farm is bounded on one end by a beautiful lake, called Lake Ainslie. It is about twelve miles long, and opposite our home, it is about a mile wide. We can see the farmers on the other side, ploughing and harrowing, and even hear them driving their horses. Every spring the lake swarms with gaspereaux, which come into it by a river called Margaree River. Trout are numerous, too. Some of the farmers have nets which they set in the lake in the evenings, and lift them out early in the mornings full of gaspereaux and trout. It is beyond my power to describe the pleasure of a boat ride. It is something altogether lovely, but not on a windy day.

The shore is covered with beautiful shells and pebbles, which do not agree very well with the soles of our bare feet when we are bathing.

I expect to have a beautiful garden of flowers soon. I sowed a lot of flower seeds. I got a beautiful window plant the other day. It is called oxalis. It has beautiful pink flowers in clusters on a long stem, which hangs gracefully over the pot. I am still going to school, and like it well, especially now, when everything is full of life and song. Oh! how thankful we should be to him who gave us sight and power to behold his wondrous works! How thankful we should be for all the beauties of nature! Every leaf and blade, and every note sung by a bird, shows us the wondrous works of the Master.

I shall close my letter by quoting the following lines in honor of summer.

'Oh! welcome, welcome summer time,
This from my heart I say,
Thou com'st to greet us, every one;
In all thy bright array.

Oh! welcome, welcome, summer time,—
In thee I joy the most;
While wand'ring on the fair clad hills,
My thoughts of grief are lost.

Oh! happy, happy summer time,—
With singing birds and flow'rs;
Let all afflicted by earth's cares,
With me traverse those bow'rs.

Here to the eye are beauties shown,
And birds are all in tune;
Cast all your troubles to the winds,
And with these birds commune.

Then to your Maker raise your voice,
In joyful songs of praise;
There is no time or room for grief,
So brief are all our days.

MARY S. McAULAY.

HOUSEHOLD.

The Pity of It.

(By Mary Louise Palmer, in 'Christian Union.')

Many people have money, strength, time, and patience, but consume these valuable possessions much more than they might, all because they do not have common, everyday belongings convenient, near at hand.

I am acquainted with a family whose yearly income is large. They live in a fine house, ride behind a handsome pair of horses, dress well, and to all appearances are well-to-do as a family. But the opposite of this is in a measure true.

The mother is habitually tired, father inclined to moroseness, and children in some degree combine the two. And I attribute a portion of the family discomfort and ill-temper, to inconvenience of common things.

The mother might have hired help, the cash-box would admit, but girls soon leave. They say, 'Things are so unhandy I cannot stay,' and the tired mother plods on alone. Perhaps she does not know the thorn that is piercing her side, and I have never seen my way clear to call her attention to the truth.

It may be my duty at the risk of incurring her displeasure, and being told to go my way and attend to my own affairs. My heart aches for my poor neighbor as I see her ascending and descending a flight of steps that leads from her back kitchen door to the ground. It is a weary way. All her wood, water, and coal must be brought into the house up these steps. Her cellar-kitchen, where she does full half her work, is below them.

To prepare one meal she must go up and down many times, for she cooks below stairs, while her dining-room is above. She has no convenient bedroom on the floor of the living-rooms, and therefore must ascend to the second or rather third story of the house, for the basement is the first, strictly speaking. Her sleeping-room is on this third floor. Here she keeps her wearing apparel and most of her personal belongings. Here she must go whenever she wishes to dress, slip on a tea-gown, or make some slighter change.

How convenient if a large airy sleeping-room opened from the dining-room, which is common sitting-room also. A clothes-press and small closet where all common clothing at least could be kept, could open from it.

Here the tired woman could retreat without mounting another set of steps. A lounge could be placed here and the weary body rest, and would rest much oftener than if obliged to use the bed always.

It is an excellent plan in the home-furnishings, and household economy of saving mother, to have a lounge placed in mother's room. What a pity their fine house had not been planned with this end in view. But all the sleeping rooms are above.

She has three sons; their rooms are above, so more ascending and descending stairs must be done to accomplish the daily chamber work. Round and round, above and below, goes the poor woman, never rested from one day to another—at least this is her story—hence always tired. Will it be strange if she dies prematurely of exhaustion?

What a pity some of the surplus money could not be converted into comfort and physical happiness!

An Inexpensive Hotbed.

There was no one who had time or inclination to help about making a hotbed out of doors, and it was deemed absolutely necessary to start a few early plants. Experience has demonstrated that a large number of plants may be grown in a very small space, and a novel idea presented itself. There was in the store-room a worn-out, rusted-out kitchen sink. This was filled with earth fine and mellow and carefully sifted to make it as light and soft as possible. The seeds were planted, the sink was placed on a large box, and inside of the box a lighted lamp was put with the flame just high enough to prevent smoking. It was a small lamp and consumed but little oil, but it furnished the bottom heat

that makes plant-growing a success. Almost before one could be aware the seeds pushed their tiny leaves up to the light, and the roots crept down to find the warmth. The drainage was excellent and all conditions seemed favorable. When the plants were well up and established less water was given and stronger, more stocky plants were never planted out from an indoors nursery to an open garden. Large-sized galvanized pans are not at all expensive and are very manageable. When first planted a number of them may be stacked one above another with cross sticks to keep them separate. If they are kept in the dark it will be quite as well, as the roots will grow faster than the tops and furnish a most excellent start in life.—New York 'Ledger.'

Let in the Sunshine.

Are the health and lives of your family less dear to your thifty heart than the freshness of carpets or curtains? We may be certain that a really intelligent person, when driving about any locality whatever, will form a correct idea of the mental status of the housekeepers along the road. Except in midsummer if he sees shades drawn and blinds closed in living and sleeping rooms, he will conclude that, however intelligent housekeepers are in regard to current topics, they are ignorant of the science of life and health, that absolutely proves that the absence of sunshine gives the best conditions for the germs of malaria, diphtheria, typhoid, and consumption. It also lowers the whole tone of the bodily health and induces melancholy. Builders often, too, even architects, show their lack of observation. Many a handsome dwelling has the hall and kitchen offices on the south side of the house. Animals know enough to seek the sunny side of their shelters. Instinct teaches them, while women, who spend almost all their lives indoors, dwell in sunless, cheerless rooms. As if that were not enough, they must shut out whatever light there is by a superfluity of drapery. Sash curtains, except where needed for the sake of privacy, are worse than useless. Even the wife of the day laborer must spend a portion of the hard-earned money that should go for necessities in tawdry, coarse Nottingham lace that is offensive to the beauty-loving eye. Do not shades suffice to keep out the glare of the sun from rooms in constant use? We all know the effect of the lack of sunshine on growing plants; but we ignore its influence upon ourselves.—From 'Good House-Keeping.'

Household Hints.

(To the Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.')

For kitchen walls and ceilings, bed rooms opening off the kitchen or any place where a thorough annual cleaning is necessary there is nothing like good fresh white lime. The fault many have to it is that it rubs off. In your issue of May 10 the article on 'Housecleaning Hints' says to make a paste and pour in the lime. I have found a much better way is to add salt instead, as the paste makes the lime turn yellow. Slack the lime the day before, take as much as will make half a pail by adding water until about as thick as cream, stir well to make it smooth and creamy, then add a cupful of salt. Sweep walls and ceilings well to free them of dust, patch any broken places in the plaster by pasting on strong factory cotton or old paper flour bags. Sprinkle the floor with sawdust and you are ready to commence. Apply the lime with a brush for the purpose. A great improvement can be made by going over it a second time, adding bluing water to the whitewash—it can even be made a blue tint by adding enough. This will not rub off and can be papered over, the paper sticking well.

MARION BROWNLEE.

Miss Florence Nightingale maintained that sheets and pillows should be shaken out of doors, and the underside of the mattress turned up to the air. It is a well known scientific fact that a large quantity of dead matter, exudations from the pores of the skin during sleep, remain in the night clothing and the bedding. If shaken around in the room by making up the bed and not opening the windows, these remain in the

room to pollute the air and adhere to the walls, curtains, furniture, etc. Any one whose senses are acute, can most always notice a dead smell when this careless and insanitary method has been employed. On the other hand, when there is the fresh, sweet smell of the outside air on the bed clothing and night garments, one knows that his housekeeper has clean air in her house, as well as the cleanliness that appeals only to the eye.—'Christian Work.'

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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'